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To country merchants and country physicians we propose to wholesale all goods in our line as cheap as they can be bought anywhere. We solicit the

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THE NEW PUBLIC SCHOOL BUILDING

Will be finished in a few days and will open

Monday, September 3rd,

at 9 o'clock a. m., and

ASKEW & EDWARDS

Wish to inform you that they have added to their stock a new and complete stock of all kind of

SCHOOL BOOKS and SCHOOL SUPPLIES

Among which can be found a large assortment of School Bags, Straps, Tablets, Pencils, Rulers, Erasers, Slates, Pens, Inks and everything that is needed in the school room.

WE WILL GIVE A RULER TO EACH PURCHASER OF A BOOK. COME EARLY.

BELL'S

SCHOOL SHOES

FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

The greatest line of Children's School Shoes ever brought to Clarksville. Every pair warranted. by

J F BELL. : "The Shoe Man."

SPEED THE PARTING GUESTS

The Old Veterans Meet and Separate, Some of them to Meet No More on Life's Parade.

The Honors Have Been Done, the Ties of Brotherly Love and Patriotism

Have Been Strengthened and Again Old Comrades Say Farewell.

A Successful Undertaking in Which Clarksville has Won Enduring Laurels.

The Concluding Exercises, with Speeches of Gen. Quarles and "Private" Wilson—Letters From Distinguished Vets.

The EVENING CHRONICLE was only a day old yesterday but it was remarked that it was about the liveliest and most active child of its age that has been born to bless the public for a long time.

The CHRONICLE spared no pains and trouble in securing in detail and at greatest possible length the entire exercises of the Confederate Reunion. Beginning with the arrival of the first train load of Confederate guests through all the tedium and labor of the proceedings it kept abreast of the moving mass of people and with accuracy and completeness, by dint of industry and energy was enabled to give its readers, present and absent the full benefit of the day's doing, which concluded yesterday's program at Henry Grove with the regatta on the river front.

Immediately after dinner was over the crowd which had been variously estimated, at from six to eight thousand people, who sat patient and wrapt with interest, through the exercises, and listened to the number of able speeches, returned to the city in squads and files, some walking and others riding. Arriving at the wharf the entire river front was soon lined with an eager mass of men, women and children, waiting to witness the program of the regatta.

RESULT OF THE RACES.

The first race between "The Clipper," with D. Kohler, G. W. Leonhardt, oarsmen; J. Kropp, steersman; and "The Plunger," with N. F. Dohrm, Gracey Childers, oarsmen; and C. Ed. Warneken, steersman, was won by "The Plunger." Premium, Silk club pennant.

The second race between "The Alice," with B. F. McKeage, J. O. McKeage, oarsmen; and "The Lucile," with Theo. Bringham, Thos. Edwards, oarsmen; Gracey Settle steersman, was won by "The Alice." Premiums, two gold medals.

The third race, three entries. "The Dart," Jeff Herndon, oarsman; "The Geneva," Norman Smith, oarsman; "no name," W. M. Bunting, oarsman; was won by "The Dart" and "The Geneva." Premiums, first prize, gold medal; second prize, silver medal.

The fourth race between "The Thistle," with B. F. McKeage, Jno. Wells W. M. James Lupton, oarsmen, J. O. McKeage steersman; and "The Nellie," with W. B. Whitfield, R. C. Nall, E. H. Nall and R. F. Bunting, oarsmen; and Geo. Bunting, steersman; was won by "The Thistle." Premiums, four silver medals.

The fourth race was a canoe race, including six entries, and was won by Davis and Shepperd, and Joslin and Shepperd. Premiums, first money, \$5.00; second premium, \$2.00.

The premiums were awarded by Misses Louise Beaumont and Kate Bringham.

The regatta was under the auspices of the Clarksville Boating Club, and the contests showed wonderful skill and dexterity in the use of the oars.

AT THE OPERA-HOUSE.

The exercises were continued at Elder's opera-house and by 7:30 o'clock the auditorium was densely packed. Members of Forbes' Bivouac and visiting veterans occupied seats on the stage. The program was opened with prayer by Rev. A. D. Sears after which master George Thomson was introduced to the audience and recited, "The Fall of the Color Bearer."

The venerable Gen. W. A. Quarles then came forward and spoke as follows:

Comrades—The eloquent and appropriate words of those who have gone before me have left me little to be said.

Like the gleaner who comes after the field has been reaped, I can only hope to gather here and there what they in their abundance have left; but when I come to consider that the mighty Past is the field in which grows the harvest of the Future, and that the Present is the Reaper who gathers the ripening sheaves for the threshing yard and with the fall of truth, separates its straw and its chaff from the golden grain—I may well take courage and exclaim, "the harvest truly is plenteous but the reapers are few."

But the "Lord of the Harvest" has even now sent forth laborers unto His harvest, and the deeds of the soldiers of the living and the dead—the glorious deeds of the living and the still more glorious deeds of the dead—are already embalmed and enshrined in the indestructible catacombs of history. With cold but microscopic eye it has scrutinized every event, and with strong and unshaking hand weighed every act, till a tale is told, read in every language and heard in the songs of every nation, unmatched in the genius of its generals, unmatched in the prowess and courage of its soldiers, and above all, unmatched in the cheerful endurance of privations by its heroic women.

The monument history has thus raised through it has its foundation in the earth, its apex is in the sky, and though built at the cost of millions and cemented with the blood of thousands, stands to-day a sacrificial altar on which the follies and sins of the nation have been offered up, a "blood offering" to the God of War, and in the shade of which Peace may now fold its wings as in a "well-lit place."

But, while the general outlines of this great struggle has as I claim, been already written, it is but the outlines where side by side the prominent events and men stand forth in impartial review. Side by side, in words of generous praise and just criticism, the story of a Lee and Grant is told exemplifying as they do, the characteristics of the races from which they sprung—the Cavalier and the Puritan. Lee impersonating all that is high and noble—graceful and gentle as a woman—to the humble piety of a Christian, adding all the grandeur of a perfect monarch and a genius for war, that enabled him to so use his slender resources as to impress upon his foe, that like another Cadmus he raised up armed men from the sown teeth of the slain dragons of the strife.

Grant, too, is the exemplar of his race, with cold indomitable will—unquestioned pluck and perseverance, and a head full of horse sense, with every quality of "the great Commander," he won victory from defeat, and gave to the world the hitherto unseen spectacle of every crowned head of the civilized world, taking the tanner-boy of a few years before, by the hand and seating him beside them on the historic thrones of a thousand years. While all this has been done, and well done, except in the case of the ignoble few, who still walk in the darkness of their own ignorance, and in the consciousness of their prejudices, hatred and all uncharitableness—these even are growing "small by degrees and beautifully less," still there remains much to be done. The outlines of the picture may be correct when it is shading and coloring may make the picture as much unlike the original as day is to night.

It is with these minor details, my comrades, we specially have to deal. The great duty is ours to see, that no improper coloring, no dark shade shall distort the picture and make it unlike the reality; that every battle, field has its bigness of truth; that every soldier stands now as he stood in the ranks of real war, on the sad and voiceless day, when Lee gave up his "stainless sword" and the apple tree of Appomattock became another cross, on which was crucified the hopes and aspirations of a great and gallant people. When the paradise of our "old homes," held dear in every memory and pictured in every heart, the theatre on which was enacted such a tragedy of ruthless ruin and destruction, such woe and wretched oppression that even the eye of retrospective memory grown blind with mingled tears of sorrow, and of rage and refusal to see the scenes we can never wholly forget, and only by the grace of a merciful and beneficent God we are enabled to forgive.

But our quarrel is over. We quarrelled, we fought, and though for years men looked askant and now and then growled at each other, and showed their carnivorous teeth, we shed no blood, we made no new grave yards, and but for the folly of now and then a bloody shirt-sleeve in Congress, we would glide on in the way of our destiny, with such unexampled prosperity, such wonderful progress in commerce, the arts, the sciences, and in all else that builds up a people and a nation that the Rip Van Winkles of even our Revolutionary day, could they arouse as bedded from their sleep, would take their corporal's oath that they were reading but a new edition of the Arabian Nights and the light they read by that of Aladdin's Lamp. Let us then be content, and like the clown, thank God for a "crust when there is no fruit cake," though the decree of fate was as hard to bear and as dark as it was inscrutable.

It is by collecting and preserving the legendary tales of our struggle, that we may best discharge our sad but almost sacred duty. The light of the camp fires will never again illuminate the wild weird scenes of our Bivouacs, but the song and the story then heard and then sung, now full of mournful joy, and now full as if by presence of the pathetic fate that awaited us.

The gallant deeds, the noble daring of individuals—the cheerful and uncomplaining endurance of privation—the keen pangs of hunger and of thirst, the freezing cold, the toll-me marches, the bleeding wound, the release in death, the dead soldier in his blanket shroud, the narrow and shallow grave, and worse than all and harder to be endured, the unknown grave in the wild wood or on the bleak mountain side, are but some, the "filling up" of the outline already placed upon the truthful page of the historian.

That this may be the better done, organization and association is manifestly necessary. Such an organization is the Bivouac of the surviving soldiers of the Confederate States Army. Not all the survivors, but only those who can by testimony satisfactory to a scrutinizing committee, show their worthiness, that the applicant has performed his duty in all the relations and under all the conditions of his service, and this is not all, but that he has done nothing since the war unworthy of a stalwart soldier of a stalwart cause, for if he was less, how could he aid in keeping pure and sacred the memory of his dead comrades. For the honor of our old flag, though it is faded forever and will never again flaunt

over embattled host or ride on the wild winds, is as sacred in our eyes, as dear to our memory, as the Labrum of Constantine with its heaven sent legend of "in hoc signo vinces," as were the Eagles of Rome, the Lilies of France, the Star and Garter of England, or even the star spangled banner of our own now united and beloved country.

To effect this object, therefore, we have organized Bivouacs of the true and faithful soldiers of the Confederacy, and it is every man's high duty and privilege to see that no unworthy soldier enters its ranks, or if he does, that the necessary steps for his expulsion be at once and boldly taken. It is thus only that we can preserve our order pure and untainted, and make its membership not only a privilege, but a high and priceless honor.

But comrades not only does our organization have these objects in view, but by association into, first single bivouacs, and two or more into divisions, we propose to keep our social relations in all their strength and freshness and purity, as when in the hour of battle we together went through the baptism of fire or shared with each other the solitary crust and blanket, the latter not the first, always too short to keep the camp fire of an abiding, trusting friendship burning, not only in the bivouac as of yore, but in the heart of every member, by the light of which his comrades may see to walk in the dark and dangerous and unknown places, may warm when cold and cook the rations, not of charity, but of a heart offering stored away and always ready for the eating by a hungry comrade. Not only has our organization this social and self sustaining aspect, but though he be a "stranger within our gates" he becomes when made known "as one of us," as much a member of your family as if a dweller under your roof-tree, or one of the loved circles around your hearthstone.

To designate the members of our organization, we have adopted this badge, to be worn if you please "every day and Sunday too," but especially to be worn in public procession and on all public occasions of the order. A society similar to this was organized by our revolutionary ancestors. It was known as the Society of the Cincinnati, and its diplomas were and are now regarded as sources of higher honor and distinction than the possession of great wealth or office of the highest dignity. Unlike that society, however, ours is open to every honorable and worthy soldier, while theirs was confined to commissioned officers. Such organizations are not unusual or unknown to history, and in almost every case they have adopted and worn badges whereby their membership may be "known of all men." It may not be uninteresting to refer to some of these as showing that we are not singular in our actions or without precedent in the observance of a custom "so honored in the past" as to need justification.

If we may without scruple—certainly none is intended—compare the works of man with those of God, we have the ancient badge or symbol of the covenant with Noah after the flood, in the familiar rainbow spanning the heavens, made up as it is, of every color known to us, it looks as if "every flower had lent a hue to build a bridge to tempt the angles down." God said to Noah, "I do set my bow in the clouds and it shall be a token of a covenant between me and the earth," and again: "this is a token of the covenant between me and you." The arch, the strongest of which material things can be formed, may well have been the token symbol, or badge of the Almighty in his covenant with man. But descending from the heavens to sublimity things we find that every nation has its own peculiar badge, every sovereignty one peculiar to itself, by which its covenants and binds its subjects. Not only is this true with nations, but cities both great and small have their badges, even private corporations and companies and families and individuals set up and claim their coat of arms and it is no mean source of profit to the King at arms of the college of heralds in England the making out of new ones, or adapting new ones to the parvenue aristocracy of our own country, free constitutionally free at least, from all titles of nobility.

Like other similar organizations we have adopted our badge, which as you will see is both emblematic and commemorative. First, we find the coat of arms of our own State, impressed on the first bar, with its simple legend of "Agriculture and Commerce," the sheaf of wheat and the plow, emblematic of agriculture, the loaded ship, plowing the waters of the ocean, speeding on to some port where it may exchange the superabundant products of the State for those of some other nation. Then comes the thirteen stars of the old and new Confederacy, displayed on a blue field. Then the three bars, red, white and red, the colors of our Confederacy; red indicating strength, courage, endurance, the white the purity of our purpose and cause. Depending from these colors is found a suspended star, strengthened and sustained by a cannon. In the very center of this star displayed, and with every inch of its canvass given to the winds, is seen our battle flag, on the red field of which is the Maltese Cross, the cross of our adoption, and in this cross is repeated the thirteen stars. Thus, my comrades, we say to the world, while we wear it next our hearts and its folds are displayed that all may see and know it is our battle flag, we know equally well it is no abiding place on earth, but its home is with the stars. To us it is a memory—but a memory that will be cherished as long as one drop of blood is left to pulsate in the heart of one survivor of the "lost cause."

A tribute to Gen. Cheatham from the graceful pen of Bishop Quintard was then read in a very impressive and feeling manner by Capt. J. J. Crusman. Bishop Quintard's tribute was as follows:

To Polk G. Johnson, Esq., Clarksville:

My Dear Friend—I have delayed my reply to your last kind letter in order that I might say definitely whether it would be possible for me to join you at the grand gathering on the 4th of October. To my very great regret I am obliged to decline your generous hospitality. My pressing official duties will oblige me to be in a distant part of the State on the 4th. I greatly regret this, as I am most anxious to meet the members of Forbes' Bivouac, of which I am rejoiced to be a member. Then, too, I wished to attend the meeting that I might embrace the occasion to pay some fitting tribute to my dear friend, that true man and grand soldier, the late Major-General H. P. Cheatham. During and after the war I was brought into such intimate association with him that I learned to appreciate his high character. He was a man of admirable presence. In manners he was free without frivolity—cheerful, kind-hearted and ever easy of access. He was a gentleman without pretension, and a politician without deceit; a faithful friend, and a generous foe; strong in his attachments, and rational in his

resentments. He was clear in judgment, firm in purpose, and conspicuous as a lion. He was faithful in expedients, prompt in action, and always ready for a fight. He won victory on many a well-contested field; but best of all, he ruled his own spirit.

Born in Davidson county in the year 1819, he was brought up upon his father's farm; accustomed to work from his boyhood, he was never ashamed of it after he became a man. In 1840 he went to Mexico as Captain of a Company in the First Tennessee Regiment. With this company he fought at Monterey, and there first attracted marked attention for his promptness, skill, and daring courage. His regiment, foremost amongst the bravest, baptized in its own blood, came forth from the conflict the "Bloody First," a cognomen significant of its fierce chivalry. After the battle, Captain Cheatham volunteered, with characteristic courage and humanity, to remain and bring in the wounded, who during the long and arduous conflict of the day lay where they had fallen in the field. With his regiment he had participated in the preceding battles of Palo Alto and Resaca de la Palmas. After the time for which his company had enlisted had expired, he returned to Nashville and raised a regiment, of which he was made Colonel by acclamation. On reaching Vera Cruz as senior Colonel, he had command of a brigade and joined General Scott on his march to the capital of the country. He participated in nearly all the battles around the City of Mexico.

The late war found him engaged in the peaceful pursuits of agriculture. In May, 1861, he was made a Brigadier-General of the Confederate army, and was sent to the assistance of General Pillow at New Madrid. He remained with the army in Missouri till it crossed over to Tennessee and Kentucky; repulsed the Federal gunboats "Lexington" and "Cincinnati" in the first naval engagement on the Mississippi; rallied our scattered troops at Belmont, attacking the enemy in flank and putting them to flight and pursuing the fugitives to their gunboats. At the battle of Shiloh he was under fire, with his command, all the first day on the extreme right, and, till after two o'clock of the second day, the extreme left. Here he received his well-merited commission as Major-General of the Confederate States Army, bearing date March, 1862. In the Kentucky campaign he led the van of the right wing, and at the battle of Perryville his division bore the brunt of the conflict and won brilliant honors. During the battle he rode along the lines through an incessant shower of shot and shell, calmly smoking his pipe, and breathing the very soul of chivalry and enthusiasm into his men.

That day he captured three or four batteries. Lieutenant-General Polk, in his report of the battle of Perryville, says: "To Major-General Hardee and Cheatham I feel under obligations for the judgment and skill manifested in conducting the operations of their respective commands and for the energy and vigor with which they directed their movements. Few instances are on record where such successes have been obtained against such disparity of numbers."

At Murfreesboro, in the two actions of Chickamauga and Missionary Ridge, and during all of Hood's campaign, and on many a field beside, he exhibited the most perfect self-possession, the utmost disregard of pain, the sublimest enthusiasm of heroic battle; while in the disposition and management of his forces he united the discernment of the commander to the ardor of the soldier. Wherever he appeared he gave a new zest to the conflict and a new impulse to victory. On Hood's campaign it has been charged that Cheatham failed to give battle when the "enemy" was marching along the road almost under the camp fires of the main body of the army." It is sufficient to say that Cheatham possessed in an eminent degree that indispensable quality of a soldier which enabled him to go wherever duty or necessity demanded his presence. He understood thoroughly that it was better that a leader should lose his life than his honor; and we may believe his statement that "during my services as a soldier under the flag of my country in Mexico, and as an officer of the Confederate armies, I cannot recall an instance where I failed to obey an order literally, promptly and faithfully." We may accept the statement of Major D. W. Saunders, A. A. G., of French's Division. "The assumption that Scofield's army would have been destroyed at Spring Hill, and one of the most brilliant victories of the war achieved had it not been for the misconduct of Cheatham, is one of the delusions that has survived the war." "No circumstance or incident that his strategy developed can be found that justifies Hood's attack on the military reputation of General Cheatham." The truth is plainly brought out in the letter of Governor Isham G. Harris, addressed to Governor James D. Porter:

Governor James D. Porter:

Dear Sir—General Hood, on the march to Franklin, spoke to me, in the presence of Major Mason, of the failure of the failure of General Cheatham to make the right attack at Spring Hill, and that he was in severe terms for his disobedience of orders. Soon after this, being alone with Major Mason, the latter remarked that General Cheatham was not to blame about the matter last night. "I did not send him the order," I asked him if he had communicated the fact to General Hood. He answered that he had not. I replied that "it is due General Cheatham that this explanation should be made." Thereupon Major Mason joined General Hood and gave him the information. Afterward General Hood said to me that he had done injustice to General Cheatham, and requested him to inform him that "he best him blameless" for the failure at Spring Hill; and on the day following the battle of Franklin I was informed by General Hood that he had addressed a note to General Cheatham assuring him that he did not ensure him with the failure to attack. Very respectfully, ISHAM G. HARRIS.

Memphis, Tenn., May 23, 1877.

The communication referred to in the letter of Governor Harris was received by General Cheatham, and was read by Governor Harris, General Porter, Major Cummins, of Georgia, and Colonel John C. Burch, but General Cheatham, as he says, "not having been in the habit of carrying a certificate of military character," attached no special value to the paper, and lost it during the campaign in North Carolina.

The story of his military career is yet to be written, and this Commonwealth of Tennessee will have no brighter page in its history. I must write briefly of the close of the great chieftain's life.

On the 23rd of January, 1890, it was my privilege to receive him by Holy Baptism into the Church. On the 10th of March following, I officiated at his marriage to Anna Robertson. Subsequently they both renewed the vows of Holy Baptism in the Rite of Confirmation. I gave them their first communion. I was with the General the week before his death.

"When subtle pain Wrung his soul and racked his throbbing brain, When weary life, breathing reluctant breath, Had no hope sweeter than the hope of death."

Continued on Third Page.